

A. A. CHILDS & CO'S. ART GALLERY,
 127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

The Yo Semite Valley,

FROM THE MARIPOSA TRAIL, CALIFORNIA.

PAINTED BY THOMAS HILL.

The scene of this Picture is on the Merced River, Mariposa County, California, four days' journey from San Francisco.

The spectator must presume that he is standing about one hundred yards thither of the dark rock that projects in the foreground, and about the centre of the picture. The hour is eleven, with a cloudy sky broken by the sun as it marches to the meridian. On the right is the "Bridal Veil Fall," of nine hundred and forty feet descent, and above it are the "Cathedral Rocks," whose turrets rise three thousand feet above us. Continuing the view on the right, is the "Sentinel," of three thousand two hundred and seventy feet in height, and then the "Great South Dome" rounds through the air at an elevation of six thousand feet, while in the extreme distance the "Cloud Rest," with its billowy mists, blends with the horizon.

On the left hand, nearest to the spectator, is "El Capitan," or Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, signifying in the Indian, as in the Spanish, the Leader or Grand Master. It goes straight up, without a shrub or tree, clear into the clouds, three thousand nine hundred feet, or three-quarters of a mile in height. From its silvery base spreads the grand valley of the Yo Semite, grove-clustered, while flowing cold and clear from the extreme distance, is the Merced River. The Valley, with its enclosing mountains, cataracts and river and smaller streams, is perhaps the most uniquely beautiful locality upon the American continent. Owing to the almost uninterrupted blaze of the sun, the granite monsters on the left of the spectator are of a light tone, while on the opposite side the phenomenon of darker characterization is apparent. On the bottom lands, the grass grows in great luxuriance, and what with the deep shade of the trees, the pure waters, the sublime adjacencies, and the torrents that pour from the crags around, this scene must become at the accomplishment of the Pacific Railway a resort for travellers from every section of the world. So beautiful and sacred in its beauty was it esteemed, that Congress passed an act by which the Yo Semite Valley has been detached from the public domain, constituting it a vast pleasure-ground for the country and all the world; and a Commission appointed by the Governor of California has in charge this Paradise, whose duty it is, and ever will be, to protect it from the invasion of commerce or any other anti-picturesque vandalism; and the picture now glowing before the spectator, preserves upon the immortal canvas the scene exactly as it is, and as it ever will be.

48

From 8073-3

255.820

Dec. 27, 1878

4

8078.322

Words are granite words, the sky
Clouds that cluster to the sun
A pearl atmosphere that to the eye
Shows like a web of gold and silver spun,
A world of smiles of joy. We feel the spell
Sent from the mountain's side,
And through the cascade falling to the dell
We see the spirit of the valley's bride.
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight
Dwells over the sleeping plain, the stream
Mirrored in the shadow, sparkling in the light,
Like the issue of a Poet's dream;
And this will be forever; here no brain
Should blot the blasphemy of sordid strife,
Nor any sullen ge desecrate the plain,
Nor any calm must last a people's life.

[See transcription - over]

A blank sheet, bay
GRAPHIC process by the
proofs will be received
Size of Chart 12 x 18

the reproduction of this painting by a + Chas. Moeretho
Boston. Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's
proofs will be signed by the artist, Mr. Chas. Moeretho.

Those hills are granite words, the sky
And clouds that cluster to the sun
With the pearl atmosphere that to the eye
Seems like a web of gold and silver spun,
Are parables of joy. We feel the spell
Steal from the mountain's side,
And through the cascade falling to the dell
We catch the spirit of the valley's bride.
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight
Dwells o'er the sleeping plain, the stream
Dimmed in the shadow, sparkling in the light,
Is like the tissue of a Poet's dream;
And this will be forever; here no brain
Shall plot the blasphemy of sordid strife,
No city sewerage desecrate the plain,
For this fair realm must last a people's life.

Arrangements have been made for the reproduction of this
painting by the CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC process, by L. Prang & Co.
of Boston. Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's
proofs will be received at the desk. Each proof will be signed
by the artist, Mr. Thomas Hill. Size of Chromos, 15 5/8 by 26
inches.

8078.322
c.2 Photocopy

48

R.D.

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On the left hand, nearest to the spectator, is "El Capitan," or Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, signifying in the Indian, as in the Spanish, the Leader or Grand Master. It goes straight up, without a shrub or tree, clear into the clouds, three thousand nine hundred feet, or three-quarters of a mile in height. From its silvery base spreads the grand valley of the Yo Semite, grove-clustered, while flowing cold and clear from the extreme distance, is the Merced River. The Valley, with its enclosing mountains, cataracts and river and smaller streams, is perhaps the most uniquely beautiful locality upon the American continent. Owing to the almost uninterrupted blaze of the sun, the granite monsters on the left of the spectator are of a light tone, while on the opposite side the phenomenon of darker characterization is apparent. On the bottom lands, the grass grows in great luxuriance, and what with the deep shade of the trees, the pure waters, the sublime adjacencies, and the torrents that pour from the crags around, this scene must become at the accomplishment of the Pacific Railway a resort for travellers from every section of the world. So beautiful and sacred in its beauty was it esteemed, that Congress passed an act by which the Yo Semite Valley has been detached from the public domain, constituting it a vast pleasure-ground for the country and all the world; and a Commission appointed by the Governor of California has in charge this Paradise, whose duty it is, and ever will be, to protect it from the invasion of commerce or any other anti-picturesque vandalism; and the picture now glowing before the spectator, preserves upon the immortal canvas the scene exactly as it is, and as it ever will be.

45

From 8073-3

255.822

Dec. 27, 1878

F

8078.322

Words are granite words, the sky
Words that cluster to the sun
Words a pearl atmosphere that to the eye
Words a web of gold and silver spun,
Words of joy. We feel the spell
Breaks on the mountain's side,
And through the cascade falling to the dell
We feel the spirit of the valley's bride.
~~But~~ soft charms. A soft delight
Dwells over the sleeping plain, the stream
Mirrored in the shadow, sparkling in the light,
Is like the issue of a Poet's dream;
And this will be forever; here no brain
Inflamed by the blasphemy of sordid strife,
Nor any sullen ge desecrate the plain,
Nor this calm must last a people's life.

At a reasonable price
GRAPHIC prints on
proofs will be received
Size of Chart 4 1/2 x 6

the reproduction of this painting by Mr. CHAS. MCINTOSH
Painter. Subscriptions for a limited number of artist's
prints will be signed by the artist, Mr. C. H. Hill.

Those hills are granite words, the sky
And clouds that cluster to the sun
With the pearl atmosphere that to the eye
Seems like a web of gold and silver spun,
Are parables of joy. We feel the spell
Steal from the mountain's side,
And through the cascade falling to the dell
We catch the spirit of the valley's bride.
It is a solitude of charms. A soft delight
Dwells o'er the sleeping plain, the stream
Dimmed in the shadow, sparkling in the light,
Is like the tissue of a Poet's dream;
And this will be forever; here no brain
Shall plot the blasphemy of sordid strife,
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48

Thos 5073-2

455.36

Dec. 27, 1878

Eccl. 122

the granite words, the sky
that cluster to the sun
pearl atmosphere that to the eye
a web of gold and silver spun,
of joy. We feel the spell
on the mountain's side,
the cascade falling to the dell
the spirit of the valley's bride.
of charms. A soft delight
the sleeping plain, the stream
the shadow, sparkling in the light,
the hue of a Poet's dream;
and can be forever; here no brain
blasphemy of sordid strife,
ge desecrate the plain,
alm must last a people's life.

now
G. S. -
proofs will be
Signed

the reproduction of the paintings by artists and
such qualities of a limited number of artists
the signature of artist, Mr. [unclear]

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the one person witness to the killing
and who is unable to be located had
seen one of the assassins from across
the room before the killing. In due course
the police had all along in evidence and
able to determine that most likely
the killing of Justice Sheppard and several other
political leaders had been carried out by agents of
Russia. And A. Justice had planned a series of
assassinations, probably starting with the killing
of the anti-socialist politicians, probably not at random
but with a definite political aim in mind
and in this connection had been seen by
various persons to be present at the time when the
assassinations appeared to be of
a political and social nature rather than just random

After the assassination, the police made several interrogations
and a party of 100 persons (including 1200000) was put under arrest
and taken to prison. And a few weeks later a man was arrested and found to be
engaged in the secret service. And he was accused of being a spy
and he was held in prison for a week and then released and
then he was released.